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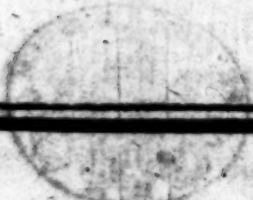
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THE following miscellaneous compositions were not originally intended for public view, as not being thought calculated for public use: but the curiosity of some to see the manuscript, of others to have it in print, is the sole motive for doing that, which, though it cost the writer some labour, will to him bring no other advantage than the satisfaction of obliging, at their expence, the few friendly individuals by whose courtesy it sees the light.

P. S. The little copy of verses added by way of Appendix, are inserted as a compliment of gratitude to a very singular friend, who, while he possesses some faint shadow of genius, has, I hope, too much discretion to affect any degree of popularity. However, I have added his initials, that those who are acquainted with his performances may not be at a loss for his name.

November 30, 1782.



AYRER

PRINTED IN THE YEAR

11 DEC 1964

H Y M N S, &c.

The Exordium.

O THOU! who did'st the prophet's muse
inspire,

And Jesse's harp inflam'd with Jesse's fire!

Touch thou my heart and rouse this languid
frame,

To sound thy glory, as it speaks thy name;

So while my hand awakes each vocal string,

My ravish'd soul shall feel the God I sing!

Gratitude for Creation.

TO thee, whose wisdom form'd the skies,

And o'er this earth thy mantle spread:

To thee I lift my wond'ring eyes;

To thee I bow my duteous head.

God of my life! take thou the praise,

Of all the gifts thy grace has giv'n;

And, as I number out my days,

Do thou prepare my last for heav'n.

In every step be thou my guide,

In every change my safety's guard ;

O'er all thy providence preside,

My shield, my glory's great reward !

So shall I walk secure from death,

'Till call'd by him, who bids me, come ;

With joy I yield this fleeting breath,

And change for an eternal home !

A Morning Hymn.

AWAKE my heart ! awake my song !

To whom thy waking hours belong :

Thy kind preserver thro' the night,

Now meek restores the morning light.

He watch'd thy hours of thoughtless rest,

And plac'd a shield as on thy breast ;

Angelic guards that stood between ;

Thy danger and its guard unseen.

O may he keep me thro' the day,

In all I think, transact or say ;

And when my day's employ is o'er,

Then keep me as he kept before.

An Evening Hymn.

CHEAR up, my soul, retouch the lyres,
 Let grateful joy thy evening crown,
 To him whose hand each day inspires,
 And waits to guard thy lying down.

He wakes thee e'er the morning light,
 And thro' the day—at home—abroad,
 Having preserv'd thee thro' the night,
 Will be thy guardian and thy God.

O thou! whose arm my shield has ~~been~~, 1000

Whate'er thou hast beheld, forgive:
 Thy searching eyes my paths have seen;
 By thee I move, by thee I live.

Into thy hands I now commend,

Whate'er I am, whate'er I have;
 Be thou my advocate and friend,
 To pardon, sanctify and save,

Trusting thy faithful love to do

(Till death shall see my cup run o'er)

Whate'er thy wisdom has in view,
 And I awake to sleep no more.

The Lord's Prayer.

O FATHER of mercies ! our father in heav'n !
 To whom as their fountain all glory be giv'n :
 Thy kingdom bring near and it's pow'r make
 known,

That thy will upon earth, as above, may be done.
 Our bodies sustain with the nurture we need,
 Our daily support, and the life-giving bread :
 Forgive us our sins, as we now wou'd forgive
 The worst of our foes, and their wants wou'd
 relieve ;

But O ! above all for the sake of thy love,
 Our souls from the snare of the fowler remove ;
 For thine is the kingdom, the glory and pow'r,
 For ever and ever, Amen ! Evermore !

A Thought on Psalm xciv. 9.

WHO made the eye ? shall not his optics see ?
 Who made the ear ? shall not his organs
 hear ?

Ah ! who can then thy presence think to flee ?
 Or who would not thy omnipresence fear ?

O thou !

O thou ! who see'st, give me the seeing eye ;
 And thou that hear'st, give me the hearing
 ear ;

That seeing thee I may know where to fly,
 And hearing thee may serve the God I fear.

Then shall mine ear no more betray my heart,
 Mine eyes no more o'er scenes fantastick rove ;
 Go hence ye shades of vanity—depart,
 Nor hold me longer from the God I love !

The World's Vanity, and God's All-Sufficiency.

From the French.

GO search, who chuse, the double hemisphere,
 And then report the vanity that's there :

Their state too restless, tho' intense their fires,
 To fix the soul, or fill it's vast desires.

See not thine eyes the worldling's sore distress ?
 The ambitious groaning 'midst their fond suc-
 cess ?

The miser'd wretch that worships gold, in chains,
 And all his joys embitter'd by his pains ?

Then search with all the eagerness of eye,
 The spangling lustres of the vaulted sky :

In

In vain thou look'st—thy look is still too low—
For hear me, mortals, and from henceforth
know,

That nought on earth, nor e'en in heav'n's abode,
Can fill the soul, but the soul-filling God.

Life a Voyage. Ps. cvii. 22.

O THOU! who all things can'st command,
Who hold'st the nations in thy hand,

Whom winds and waves obey;

Who bid'st the storm a calm become,

While opening rocks divide thee room,

And darkness turns to day.

Toft then on life's tempestuous sea;

Saviour of men, I call on thee,

To wake thee as from sleep:

Come thou, whose charge it is to steer,

And o'er the mounting billows bear

This vessel thro' the deep.

See the rich cargo bought with blood,

Immortal souls consign'd to God,

And to thy keeping giv'n;

Souls, once condemn'd their sins to bear,

But now committed to thy care,

To convoy safe to heav'n.

Take

Take then, thou heav'nly pilot, take,
And for thy love, thy mercies sake,

Regard the precious store ;
Guide thro' the storm each tender bark,
And o'er the abyfs profound as dark,
Conduct us safe to shore !

On entering a Place of Worship.

BE present, Lord, in this thy house,
The place thou call'st *the house of prayer* ;
O come and meet thy willing spouse,
Who meekly waits thy coming there.

If we are darkness, thou art light,
Thy word our light in darkness be,
So shall we bless the wondrous sight,
And joy to find it's hope in thee.

The place, the work, the worship's thine ;
Thine, Lord, the kingdom and the pow'r !
O make our hearts thy spirit's shrine,
And thine's the praise for evermore !

After

After Service.

IS this thy word our ears have heard?
 Thy name be prais'd, thy goodness fear'd;
 On all our minds it's truths impress,
 And let our lives it's power confess.

Dismiss us hence in that great name,
 In which we here together came;
 And as we hence again depart,
 Transfuse it's life thro' every heart:

That grafted in thy word below,
 We may in thee, the grafter, grow;
 'Till fill'd with fruits of heav'nly love,
 We fade on earth to bloom above.

All glory then to him we give,
 By whom we grow, by whom we live;
 To whom alone we fall or rise,
 Descend the grave, or mount the skies.

A Solar Simile. On Isa. xlii. 2.

AS morning suns serene as bright arise,
 And silent spread their radiance o'er the
 skies;

Their orbs high fix'd above this turbid sphere,
 Tho' struck the sight, strike not the tenderest ear.

No

No noise, no hurry in their motion seen,
 Gradual as great, and silent as serene.
 Unheard they shine, and tending to their end,
 Silent they rise, and silent they descend.

So should the Christian, like the passing sun,
 From his first rising to his going down :
 Be seen, not heard, and like the solar ray,
 Silent illumine and visual warm the day.
 Like his great Lord, that sun of glory, shine,
 Calm in his rise, and meek in his decline !

Sure, though Slow, or a Thought on Is. xxviii. 16.

SWIFT be my zeal, but soft my pace,
 That so I may throughout endure ;

Nor court velocity of grace,
 But as it makes my calling sure.

On that meek foal, on which my Lord

Triumphant rode thro' Salem's gate,

May I with him my steps record,

And slowly for his coming wait.

They travel fast, however slow,

Who in the steps of Jesus tread ;

And why should any wish to go

Faster than went their pattern head ?

He went his own, and we his pace,
 Who follow here that tract unknown;
 The path of faith's afflictive race,
 Who bear the cross to wear the crown.

Then with his saints who rode with him,
 May we from Achor's vale ascend;
 And hail'd the New Jerusalem,
 Salute our everlasting friend!

A Thought on Psalm cxliii. 9.

HIDE me, Saviour, from my sin,
 From the storms that rage within;
 From my guilt's corroding smart,
 From the tempter's fiery dart.

Many, fierce, and sharp as steel,
 Are the arrows that I feel;
 Mortal as the adder's sting,
 Is the venom that they bring.

Poison'd shafts of livid death,
 That contaminate our breath;
 Dread insinuating thro' the whole,
 All that can defile the soul.

From

From them my Saviour hide,
 In the cavern of thy side,
 Where alone I safe can be;
 There, my God, I fly to thee!

There alone in calm repose,
 Shelter find from all my foes;
 Safe from all that would destroy,
 Infant hope or infant joy.

Thus preserve me, till thy love
 Shall my life from earth remove,
 'Till from ev'ry toil I rest,
 In the harbour of thy breast.

The Patient Sufferer's Future Privileges.

Rev. xxii. 2. From the WELCH.

OF the fruit of the tree shall they eat,
 That grows by the river of life,
 With the Lamb in eternity meet,
 In a sabbath of rest from their strife.

No sorrow shall stain their delight,
 No sickness their bodies annoy;
 No darkness o'ershadow their night,
 Nor terrors their comforts destroy.

In

In a round of seraphic amaze,
In the bloom of eternity's spring;
Their eyes shall eternally gaze,
And their joy as eternally sing.

DOXOLOGY.

All glory to Him on the throne!
All praise to the Spirit be giv'n:
To Jesus, incarnate alone;
The eternal Triunion of heav'n!

The Backslider reprov'd.

Thoughts on Jeremiah ii. 19.

BEWILDER'D, dark, confus'd and blind,
Heavy my heart, oppress'd my mind;
Scatter'd my thoughts, and rang'd abroad,
I neither seek, nor find a God.

But how into this state I came;
Whom to accuse, or what to blame,
I neither know nor can I tell,
Only I feel my soul unwell.

'Tis something at the bottom there,
Some rotten hope or rankling care,
That thus foments my misery:
My heart! 'tis thy hypocrisy.

Thou

Thou know'st I'm neither meek nor mild ;
 A rebel, not a little child ;
 More like a savage of the wood,
 Nor yet estrang'd from creature good.
 Here then I think the secret lies,
 Why griefs increase and sorrows rise :
 The curse is trac'd from it's event,
 And every pang cries out, Repent.
 From self and sin, lo ! now I turn,
 To him who feels my spirit mourn ;
 And who alone will mercy shew,
 When all besides would let me go !

On Noah's Ark.

From the French of Monsr. Drelincourt.

B. ii. Sonnet 5.

HA I L ! wond'rous bark ! the world's tremendous hope !

Where fast enclos'd from every foe shut up,
 Whate'er the earth or ambient air contains,
 Safe in thy bulk from ocean's rage remains,
 Dangerous thy course, while floating o'er it's tide,
 The threatening deep assaults on every side ;
 Now tost aloft thy mounting spires rebound,
 And now as low the abyssal caves resound,

To

To human eyes but on the surface cast,
 One well might think each moment were the
 last ;
 That the next wave that dash'd across thy beam,
 Would gulph thy being in the yawning stream.
 But faith can see, and from that sight is sure,
 The God that holds thee will thy charge secure,
 As from thy womb, must one day glorious spring,
 The world's Redeemer and his Israel's King.

The Day of Trial.

IN the day of fore temptation,
 In the hour of guilt and sin ;
 Dreadful point of expectation,
 Storm'd without and rent within.
 Full of fear and fearful horror,
 When on danger's verge I stand ;
 Full of doubt and doubtful terror,
 With the foe on either hand.
 Then, O then's the needful hour,
 Then the moment for thy grace ;
 Then to stretch thy hand of pow'r,
 And thy faithfulness express :
 Then

Then, to shew thyself victorious,

Then to make thy mercy known;

Ever good and ever glorious,

Thou art God! and thou alone!

Holy Father! Lord of Heav'n!

Holy Jesus! Lord and God!

With thy Spirit praise be giv'n,

In thy uncreate abode,

In the heav'ns thy love has framed;

In the earth thy hands have made;

Wheresoe'er thy word is nam'd,

Reign o'er all Creation's Head!

The True Rest. A Thought on Ps. cxxvi.

RETURN, O Thou, for whom I mourn,

And take me to thy breast;

That so my heart constrain'd may turn

To thee her only rest.

That rest that wearied spirits seek;

In nothing found below,

Save in the bosom of the meek,

The meek alone can know.

That rest, my God, from every want,

That can our quiet wound;

That mighty cordial of the faint,

That in thy strength is found.

C

Come

Come then, in every breath we feel,
 And breathe the peace unknown;
 Till in thy joy this truth we seal,
 Thyself and this art one!

Then shall we know as we are known,
 And see as we are seen;
 The incarnate God upon his throne,
 And seraphs one with men!

Jordan's Vale. A Parody.

WHEN here, Urania, first we came,
 And pitch'd our tents by Jordan's stream,
 How calm the sky, how clear the day,
 Our joy how sweet, how pure it's lay:
 With sacred strains the temple rang,
 And prophets list'ned as we sang;
 All seem'd as angels might regale,
 Amidst the tents of Jordan's vale.

But ah! since Israel's Lord is dead,
 His Salem's shepherd and her head,
 Her priests of origin divine,
 No longer bear the altar's shrine;
 The hope of Israel now is o'er,
 And Zion's prophets chaunt no more;
 Sad Rachael weeps, her children fail,
 And quit the tents of Jordan's vale.

Duration

Duration of Joy the Prerogative of Heaven.

Acts iii. 8.

WITH springing feet the cripple heal'd,
 Dances and leaps and shouts for joy ;
 While with extatic ardors fill'd,
 Ten thousand thoughts his mind employ.

But these withdrawn and rapture cool,
 He still retains the blessing giv'n ;
 And taught in wisdom's sober school,
 He sighs, believes, and lives for heav'n.

From love fulfils each daily task,
 Or labouring for his daily bread ;
 Content with gratitude to ask
 It's mercies from their fountain head.

Just so the soul from guilt set free,
 On joy's eternal wings would rise,
 As though this moment she could see
 Herself embodied in the skies.

But these remov'd and paus'd awhile,
 She finds her wonder still on earth ;
 While with submission's pensive smile,
 She views the travels of it's birth.

Aghast ! the eyes the mystic cross,
 On which the world's redeemer died ;
 And counting all but dung and dross,
 For Jesus and him crucified :

Trembling she grasps the bitter cup,
 " Father," she cries, " Thy will be done.
 " Be this my joy and this my hope,
 " In this to imitate thy Son,
 " Who for the joy before him set,
 " Endur'd the cross, despis'd it's shame ;
 " Till with him in his glory met,
 " My joy shall burn a quenchless flame !"

The Great Mystery, or Christ crucified.

From the LATIN.

BOUND for the slave the master lies ;
 The guiltless for the guilty bleeds ;
 The healer for the patient dies ;
 The shepherd for the flock he feeds.
 The Prince is for the people smote ;
 The leader for the army slain ;
 The workman for the work he wrought ;
 And he who form'd, condemn'd for man.

What !

What ! and shall no return be made,
 No due acknowledgment express,
 For deeds, that when in heav'n display'd,
 Struck wonder on the Cherub's breast ?

But what can slaves or sinners do ;
 The sick, the flock their thanks to prove ?
 Why this, if they their thanks wou'd shew :
 Let them rejoice, believe and love !

Psalm xxiii versified.

THE Lord is my shepherd, I nothing can
 need,

While I range on the banks, where his flock he
 doth feed ;

My heart he shall turn, and my goings shall guide,
 In the paths of his peace, with himself by my side.

Yea, tho' I should walk in the death-horrid vale, *d.*
 No ill need I fear, where no ill can prevail :

My Saviour is with me, his staff and his rod
 At once shall correct, and conduct me to God.

Thy love shall prepare me a table all spread,
 In the face of my foes, with the life-giving bread ;
 My head thou anoint'st with the oil of thy grace,
 While my cup shall run o'er with the joy of thy
 face.

Thy

Thy mercy and goodness shall follow me still,
Thro' the mazes of life to the mount of thy hill.
Where landed and safe, I shall take my abode,
And eternally sing to the praise of my God.

Conviction of Unbelief.

IF nought but unbelief condemns;
Or, which is much the same,
Binds on the conscience all it's sins,
And fills the soul with shame:

How is it that I seem condemn'd,
Who thought I had believ'd;
Have I thy righteousness contemn'd,
And thus myself deceiv'd?

O let me be deceiv'd no more,
But feel my real state,
And know the ground I tread, before
The knowledge comes too late.

That being thus no more deceiv'd,
I may deceive no more;
But knowing whom I have believ'd,
Obediently adore.

Then

Then shall I thank thee for the grace,
That shall my doubts remove;
My faith shall own thy righteousness,
My works be wrought in love.

A Thought on John i. 45. and Matt. xiii. 46.

WHAT a pearl have they found who the Sa-
viour have got?

What a pearl do they want who the Saviour
have not?

What a pearl do they lose, what a prize do they
miss,

Who live without *him*, and then die without *this*!

Then let us go seek on Emanuel's ground,

What the patriarch's sought, and in seeking it
found;

What apostles and martyrs, elect of his love,

Once felt upon earth, and now feel it above.

Christ Jesus the Saviour, their God and their
Lord;

Eternal the Son, as incarnate the Word!

Whom angels acknowledge, and saints shall
adore,

As God over all, and the blest evermore.

Christ's

Christ's Prayer the Christian's Charter.

Jo. xvii. 20, 24.

" **I WILL**, says Jesus, that the souls,

" Thy love to me has giv'n,

" As written in the eternal rolls,

" Of happiness and heav'n :

" **I will** that those whom I have lov'd,

" And who have lov'd me here;

" **My pattern and my cross** approv'd,

" Shall triumph with me there.

" Nor less will I—All who believe

" **My word thro' them** convey'd,

" Should in that day with them receive,

" The joy thy love has made.

What then can hinder, Lord, thy love,

It's counsel to fulfil,

When such thine own design above,

And such thy Father's will?

A Prayer

A Prayer to the Holy Spirit.

COME, Holy Ghost, thyself impart,
And all thy strength apply,

To force conviction on my heart,

And wonder from mine eye.

That seen thy mercy's power below,

And heard thy charming voice,

I may in full assurance go,

And in thy strength rejoice.

'Till call'd from earth, my soul ascends

Beyond this lunar sphere,

To live where wonder never ends,

And doubt no more can fear.

A Prayer for Spiritual Liberty.

SAVE me, Jesus, from my sin,

Giant foe that reigns within;

Causeless fears and vain desires;

Childish hopes, or hellish fires.

Save me, Lord, from all I love,

That thyself cannot approve;

Save me from each secret snare,

Sin's deceit and guilt's despair.

D

Save,

Save, O save me from the bait,
Laid by those who lie in wait;
Break in sunder every chain,
That does yet my soul detain:

Burst my bonds and set me free,
From my long captivity;
That I may with ardor rise,
Mount from earth and scale the skies.

Thither, where thou art, ascend,
Joys possess that never end;
Shine a star and reign above,
On a throne of radiant love!

A Thought on Matt. xxiv. 26.

BLEST is that servant whom his Lord
Shall at his coming find,
Daily employ'd in deed as word,
According to his mind.

Whose humble zeal with heart and hand,
His counsel would fulfil;
Obedient to the least command,
And patient of his will.

He shall his master's joy obtain,
And in his garment drest,
Shall with his Lord triumphant reign,
Amidst the marriage feast.

For Faith in the Promises.

O COULD I but believe,
I then might ask and have;
A portion of that grace receive,
Which, all who find, shall save.

I then should know and feel,
What 'tis to be forgiv'n;
Of Jesus and his wonders tell,
And how he came from heav'n.

The wonders of his birth;
His God-like infancy;
The treatment that he found on earth;
His scorn and infamy.

His sorrows and his grief;
His agonies and pain;
His death—companion with a thief;
His fall and rise again.

I then should know his love,
 His mercy and his pow'r;
 Set my desires on things above,
 And wait the final hour.

The awful hour of death,
 That all my fears should end,
 And sealing up my latest breath,
 Translate me to my friend !

Midnight Thoughts, Ps. cxix. 62.

RISING from my sleepless bed,
 To thy will I bow my head;
 Leave the couch whereon I lay,
 Waiting for the dawn of day.

Sleep, however sweet it be,
 Cannot be compar'd to thee;
 Sweetest sleep without thy breath,
 Is but one remove from death.

And tho' nature should complain,
 Wishing to repose again:
 Thou can'st sweeter rest bestow,
 Than the softest down can know.

Rest

Rest from danger and distress,
 Pledge of endless happiness;
 Rest that may at once renew,
 Both the mind and body too.

But however she repine,
 Only let thy will be mine;
 And whatever that shall be,
 Be it all alike to me.

So while thus I cease from sleep,
 Let thy grace the vigil keep;
 Heav'nly things and thoughts suggest,
 That may guard and cleanse my breast.

Thoughts of Jesu's dying love,
 Thoughts that waft the soul above;
 Where no other rest is known,
 Than the worship of thy throne.

THERE while thus my thoughts aspire,
 Let thy strength my passion fire,
 And with Israel on his road,
 Wrestle on with Israel's God!

Till with thee, thou man of care,
 I exhaust the night in pray'r;
 And at morning's bright return,
 Rise to labour or to mourn.

Like

Like thine own, the life be mine,
 With thine own, in death be thine;
 While the shadows melt away,
 And the night be perfect day!

True Faith it's own Assurance.

A Reflection on 2 Tim. i. 12.

I KNOW in whom I have, thro' grace,
 believ'd;
 What I have found, and what by faith receiv'd;
 I know in whom my glory shall confide,
 Whose shade shall cover, and his covert hide.
 I know on whom my weakness may depend,
 Who loves his own, and loves them to the end.
 I know his voice, the shepherd to his sheep,
 Who feeds his flock, and will as faithful keep.
 I know who will, thro' life, their labours own,
 And seal in death their everlasting crown!

Day of Judgment.

HARK! hark! what voice is that I hear!
 Loud thund'ring from the sky:
 Hark! stay! it pierces thro' my ear!
 Sure 'tis the midnight cry!

The

The bridegroom comes ! the heralds sound !

Archangels catch the lay !

The shiv'ring rocks from earth rebound !

The mountains melt away !

Black horrors o'er creation spread !

With flames the light'nings glare !

While Gabriel's trumpet wakes the dead,

To triumph or despair.

Now see on yonder radiant throne,

The Judge in God-like state !

And opening, as he hastens down,

The eternal books of fate.

In one of which, thy name, my soul,

Compleats some awful line :

Lord ! may I see within that scrawl,

My name inlaid with thine !

Thoughts written in the Night of Oct. 1, 1782.

By another Hand.

HOW blest who make, thro' grace, their call-
ing sure,

Their spirit watchful and their conduct pure ;

Yea, blest are they, who anchor on the ground,

Where only strength or steadfastness is found ;

Whose thankful hearts, like David's lyre, record

The daily mercies of their dying Lord !

Emanuel

Emanuel he! the lamb for sinners slain;
 The convict pardons and blots out the stain;
 Freed from their guilt, no more their conscience
 blames;

Nor Sinai thunders, nor the law condemns.
 Their soul at ease, their thankful lips record,
 The tender mercies of their dying Lord!

'Twas he that paid the debt so widely large,
 And by his rising seal'd the dread discharge:
 By him alone before the Judge we stand,
 Acquitted freely at his own command:
 "Go free," he cries—we go, and here record,
 How rich the goodness of our rising Lord.

By nature once, obnoxious in his sight,
 That nature chang'd, he calls us his delight,
 His love, his fair one, and his favourite child,
 Though worthless we, and in ourselves defil'd;
 But such the mercy that we here record,
 And such the favour of our gracious Lord!

Loud hallelujahs then to him we'll sing,
 And make on earth the heav'nly mansions ring;
 'Till call'd from time we join the eternal choir,
 Hold up the song, and raise the anthem higher;
 While million harps and million tongues record,
 The deathless glories of our glorious Lord!

13 DE 51

J. L. T.

ERRATUM: Page 5, for *has* read *hast*.

Page 15, for *curse* read *cause*.

F I N I S

Ats Shimbles